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BOOK REVIEWS.

THE exquisite outline design of Iris Lilies, which grace the dull-blue cover of Edgar Fawcett's "Song and Story," published by Ticknor & Co., Boston, lends a charm at first sight, and to open the rich leaves—rough-edged, creamy, delicately rough in texture, and printed with beautiful clearness, is to feel at once a pre-possession in favor of the work. This is the influence which the publisher has in sending a volume forth, to win its first attention. The more artistic and satisfactory to the æsthetic mind, in the binding and general appearance, the more happily disposed the purchaser must be. But these poems of Edgar Fawcett need no peculiar dress. They instantly appeal to the most delicate apprehension of true beauty. From the first story of Alan Elliot, wierd and tragic as it is, giving a fascinating air of mystery to the very description of the old house, with its silent occupant, to the moment when the hero disappears forever, it holds one breathless with its strange charm. The Venetian poem, "The Singing of Luigi," done in couplets, which are always so readable and attractive, also is intensely potent in its power to entrance the attention, while the rich imagery, description and flowing cadences of "The Rivers," telling in majestic or rippling harmonies the story of their being, and each completely characteristic, was a conception as broad and full of true poetry as it has been accomplished with skill and power. Many of the minor poems strike the inner chords of human nature, and touch its deeper passions to a glow, while the latent cynicism of our civilization is rebuked with a winning and kindly air, which teaches while it condemns. The most striking poem of all is "A Mood of Cleopatra." Few can read it without a shudder—yet so luxurious, so majestic, so wonderful is the picture of the great Queen in her relentless will and cruel experiment, that she seems the very scene of a riotous yet refined race of beings, whose royal caprices stopped at nothing, yet who did all things with a gorgeousness and magnificence which dazzles soul and sense. One of the trifles of verse which we inevitably read over and over is the following, entitled "Punishment:"

"Two haggard shades, in robes of mist,
For longer years than each could tell,
Joined by a stern yoke, wrist with wrist,
Have roamed the courts of hell.
"Their blank eyes know each other not;
Their cold hearts hate this union drear—
Yet one poor ghost was Lancelot,
And one was Guinevere."

Les Lettres et Les Arts. Though there is every reason to feel pride in our national art, and especially in those phases of it presented in our popular magazines, candor compels the assertion that America is not yet old enough to produce such a sumptuous exemplar of the possibilities of book making as this new periodical, *Les Lettres et Les Arts*. It issues from the house of Goupil, in Paris, represented on this side of the water by Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York, and presents itself as a quarto of some hundred and fifty pages, printed on handmade paper in large type. The text is furnished by the best of living French writers, among whom may be mentioned Pailleton, Houssaye, Dumas, Jules Simon, Mme. Gautier, Jules Lemaitre, Leconte de Lisle, François Coppée, Maxime du Camp, and Frédéric Masson, who is contributing a series of interesting and curious articles on Deism during the French revolution. Seldom have authors seen their works in so sumptuous a setting as these undivided pages of widely-leaded, clear-faced type, and interspersed with tinted photogravures, phototypes, cuts, and etchings. Each number contains about 60 illustrations, of which nearly a third are full-page pictures. The first number opens with a spirited reproduction of Detaille's sketch in aqua-relle, styled "The Charge," to which Henry Houssaye has written a verbal accompaniment that rouses like a trumpet blast. As frontispiece to the second number appears Champollion's translation into etching of Constant's "Judith," delicate in touch, and with nuances almost as fine as photogravure presents, yet with a preservation of the breadth and force of light and shade found in the original work. The photogravures are in pink, sienna, brown, blue, green, and other tints, and it is noted that the tint chosen is always the right one for the subject. It is significant that no mere back illustrators appear in the new periodical, but that an effort has been made, with evident success, to secure the best of artistic help in the furtherance of the enterprise. Artists have been strangely loth to engage in illustrative work, under the apparent impression that it cheapened their pictures, whereas it tends to make them better known—to advertise them, in plain terms—and the American painters have taken an initiative that the Frenchmen find it safe and not undignified to follow. Mouvel, Detaille, Dubufe, Cicéri, Cormon, Giacomelli, Delort, Kaemmerer, Beaumont, Stewart, Beraud, Zuber, François, Lambert, Heilbuth, Worms, Vibert and Madeline Lemaitre, appear among the illustrators, and not least beautiful are carbon prints from photographic portraits of M. M. Bourget, Baudry, Daudet, Renan, Dubufe, and the Abbe Roux. The make-up, the placing of head and tail pieces, the titling of the prints—the whole workmanship, both original and mechanical, is full of that French snap, *chic*, and facility that is inimitable. It is the result of generations of schooling and of centuries of growth in taste. We can afford to be just and generous enough to France to own that such a publication could not come from any other country.

CASSELL'S National Library. Edited by Prof. Henry Morley, LL.D.

A series of weekly volumes, each containing about 200 pages, clear, readable print, on good paper, at the low price of ten cents per volume, or 52 volumes, postpaid, \$5.00, when subscribed for by the year.

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Good-Natured Man, by Oliver Goldsmith; The Adventures of Baron Trenck, translated from the German by Thomas Holcroft; The Wisdom of the Ancients, by Lord Bacon; Natural History of Selborne, by Gilbert White; The Lady of the Lake, by Sir Walter Scott; Travels in the Interior of Africa, by Mungo Park; The History of Egypt, by Herodotus; A Voyage Round the World, by Lord Anson; The History of Europe During the Middle Ages, by Henry Hallam.

Cassell & Company, Limited, 730 and 741 Broadway, N. Y.

"Our Homes: How to Heat and Ventilate Them," is the title of a very neat little pamphlet of some 90 pages, issued by the Smith & Anthony Stove Company, of Boston, and giving a number of valuable suggestions concerning the sanitary condition of our homes in the phases of fresh air and warmed air. While it is published distinctly in the interests of the stoves and furnaces manufactured by the Smith & Anthony Company, yet it is made up in such a manner as to keep this feature subservient to the one more widely interesting that gives us ideas about stoves in general, and the use for which they are constructed, how they should and how they do perform their work. A feature, and an attractive one, of the pamphlet is a number of illustrations of private residences of prominent residents of New England, principally, who have purchased heaters and furnaces from this firm. The sketches though quite small are well made, and the collection might serve very readily as designs for those who are considering the erection of a country or city house.

THERE is a book recently published by Cassell & Co. which has a handsome cover done in gold, and bearing a more or less expensive design, suggestive of a register plate, with the fire burning from the sides of it, instead of coming through the openings intended for it. This unusual incident, however, is merely a prelude to the astonishing things that follow in the story itself, principal among which is the reason for the story at all. The title is "By Fire and Sword, a Story of the Huguenots," and bears the name of Thomas Archer as author, who is credited with having produced some three other works, all of which must be better than the one before us, for the reason that it would be impossible for any one man to produce anything else equally bad. It is a revival of that moss-covered tale of St. Bartholomew, and tells over and over again the events of that day, which are chronicled in a more explicit and readable manner in almost any history that may be at hand. Beyond this there appears to be some glimmer of an attempt at a plot, embracing a witch, an old man, two beautiful but religiously-crazy daughters, a spy, and a jumble of monstrosities in the form of dragons. These people are brought together in the clumsiest way, their conversation is the stupidest and most insane, fully entitling them to the death most of them reach and all of them should. The reading or reviewing of such books is a waste of time that no quantity of hard words will make us feel reconciled to. We might paraphrase Byron, and wonder where a man could be found to write such a work, and where a publisher could be found to print it.

THERE are few firms more fortunate in their selection of moral and religious poems for republishing in elegant forms than Anson D. Randolph & Co., of New York. Some of their recent publications are especially noticeable, from the unique manner in which they are illustrated, and the combination of color with black in the print. Of the many which particularly drew our attention, "The Celestial Country," that delightful old rhythm of St. Bernard of Cluny, was embellished by heliotypes—or they may have been Albertypes—illustrative of the verses, and in which some beautiful verses were included—as, for instance, "The garden breathing spices," and a beautiful knot of flowers, on a spray of which sits a bird carolling out his little soul. Elsewhere, we find a soft landscape, in the foreground of which is the steeple of some quaint monastery or cathedral, with the lines, "Oh, none can tell thy bulwarks, how gloriously they rise;" and throughout the work the more important passages begin with ornamental capitals, done in scarlet, which have a very new and pleasing effect. The binding is of pure dove-gray, with a prominent Greek cross, on which the title is embossed in scarlet letters.

Another equally striking volume is the Hon. Mrs. Norton's "Lady of La Garaye," a poem, containing all that sweet yet strong dramatic interest, which will cause it to be read with ever increasing pleasure. It has a plaintive beauty, and sets forth a story—in no respect a fiction—of such striking simplicity, yet mournful romance, that however much the little book might be regarded as a "table poem," it should really be treasured in some nook of a fine library. This volume is also bound in gray, backed by gilt and vellum, and the paper is a parchment sheet so rich, that the very touch of it gives one an enviable sensation. It also is partially printed in scarlet, and a most valuable portrait of the heroine has been exquisitely engraved for a frontispiece, while the title page is ornamented by a most beautiful engraving of the chateau.

It would be supposed that one could not say much of a volume which is practically a blank-book, but this same firm has issued what it calls a "Friendship's Diary," which containing a page for every day in the year, headed by well-chosen quotations, offers an opportunity to any loved one to express in some pleasing phrase the pure magnanimous and sacred blending of soul with soul, which makes up friendship in all ages and all climes. Much more artistic than the ordinary birthday-book, occasionally illustrated by pictures apropos to the subject, and sold at a very reasonable price, this little book cannot fail to find an enormous patronage among those whose sentiments are supplemented by delicacy of feeling.

"Verses, Translations from the German, and Hymns. By W. H. Furness. A translation may be conscientious, but so literal as to lack any portion of the grace, *verve* and poesy of the original, carrying with it a painful sense of loss, as if the intellect and the heart were both defrauded. Especially in a religious poem we require to become *en rapport* with all that is subtlest and deepest in the author's soul, and when his verses are transmitted to us in a flat or unappreciative manner, we feel it to be a double injury. If the translation cannot be done well, it were far better left alone. How delightful, then, it is to take up a collection of translations breathing all the fire, music, and

the distinctive quality of German poetry, which no language can fully define, but which the above author seems to have caught and held until its richest fragrance has been deftly distilled. Yet satisfactory as are the translations which, starting with the song of "The Bell," takes up "Woman's Love and Life," "The Minstrel's Curse," "The Lost Church," and many others, ranging through several different styles, we turn to the original hymns with the tender home-feeling which must ever accompany such sacred American productions as these, and congratulate ourselves that they bear comparison with the translations which precede them. To many a soul, weary with the shadows of life, these aspiring hymns, filled with sweet faith, confidence, and child-like leaning upon the Eternal arm, will bring consolatory sunshine; and to those who bask in the precious consciousness of personal harmony with the good Father, these hymns will breathe forth the inner joyousness of their natures. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are the publishers, and with their usual good taste they have presented this little work, as a brochure, admirably bound in cream-white vellum.

MESSRS. Ticknor & Co., Boston, have begun the publication of what is termed "The Old-Time Series," a number of small cloth-bound volumes, 16mo, of 100 pp., made up of "Gleanings chiefly from old newspapers of Boston and Salem, Massachusetts, selected and arranged, with brief comments by Henry M. Brooks." The second number, "The days of the spinning-wheel in New England," has just made its appearance, and it is one of the quaintest, most interesting collection of old bits that we have had the privilege of reading. The peculiar phraseology, the primitive-like type and mode of spelling are suggestive of an ante-revolutionary period which, despite an asserted indifference for the old styles and old times, has a certain and a most "taking" charm for all of us. And we can learn much from reading this little book—we can learn that the people in those days knew how to do a great many things in a great deal better form than we do to-day; they could put a gloss of attractiveness over an unsavory suggestion with better effect than we can. As, for example, the call for volunteers—"Having an inclination to serve His Majesty King George the Second"—after indicating the various monied considerations that would be given, directs the applicants to Mr. Cornelius Crocker, who will recite "The particular Encouragement, and many Advantages accruing to a Soldier, in the Course of the Duty of that Company, too long to insert here." The pages are filled with such unusual and, to us nowadays, unnatural sort of paragraphs.

"Our Sensation Novel" is the cleverest number yet published in Cassell's Rainbow Series, being a well-done satire on the form adopted by many of the prominent writers of the times. Each chapter is supposed to convey a burlesque picture or caricature of an author more or less well known, and the likeness in most of the cases is well done, those of Hugh Conway and Victor Hugo being especially good. The story is naturally a most absurd one, having no beginning and no end, and no plot, nothing but a hackneyed sort of horror, made up of ghosts and other eccentricities of our childhood; its merit lies in its satire.

"A DESPERATE CHANCE," by J. D. Jerrold Kelley, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, is the story of a vengeance, following the uneven paths of a woman who has sworn revenge upon another woman who she believes to have robbed her of a lover, and with the sensational conclusion of a discovery that makes the two women sisters, unknown to each to the last. The plot may be said to be antique, but its mode of treatment is new, and the style of writing is pleasing. Mr. Kelley is credited with connection with the U. S. Navy, and the nautical knowledge shown in the book is a pretty good evidence of the fact. The story makes capital reading, and is worth the time necessary to go through it.

THE Emperor and Empress of Japan have, through His Excellency, R. Kuki, their Minister at Washington, expressed their thanks to Mr. Edward Grey for his last Japanese book, "A Captive of Love." The latter is being translated into German by Prof. A. Neusel, of Königsberg, Prussia.

THE *Magazine of Art* for May contains "Primrose Day," an article on Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, by George Sainsbury, with portraits by Sir John E. Millais, R.A., Edgar J. Boehm, R.A., Daniel Maclise, and Harry Furniss; and a page of caricatures from *Punch*, by Richard Doyle, John Leech, Charles Keene, Linley Sambourne, and John Tenniel, selected and redrawn by Harry Furniss; and "An American Collection," by Charles DeKay, with Engravings after Constable, Corot, Albert Ryder, A. Dagnan-Bouveret, Eugène Delacroix, and J.-F. Millet.

A BOHEMIAN TRAGEDY. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia, will shortly issue this new and clever novel, by Lily Curry, whom Ella Wheeler Wilcox styles "the prettiest literary woman in New York." It deals in a trenchant, crisp, and spicy way with life among New York's literary Bohemians, and is wonderfully absorbing. Many of the characters are well-known personages, whose eccentricities are vividly set forth. A rather peculiar love-affair forms the staple of the powerful plot. The gifted authoress knows whereof she writes, and her revelations cannot fail to cause a deep sensation, and we anticipate a large sale for it.

ANOTHER interesting volume has been added to Cassell's "Fine Art Library," upon a subject much more practical than the consideration of the schools of painting, which has heretofore occupied their attention. The title of the volume is "A Short History of Tapestry," by Eugene Muntz, translated by Miss Louisa J. Davis. It follows the path of tapestry working beginning, where everything begins, with the Egyptians, passing through the hands of the Assyrians and Persians and so to modern peoples. There is the usual reference to and history of the Bayeux tapestry, telling how it was discovered, and how carefully it has been preserved, a story that has been repeated in every language and seemingly in every book, upon an analogous subject. The thread of the history leads up to the Gobelins and the tapestries of the present day, giving numerous illustrations and a very interesting as well as a very instructive review.